

The girl-with-her-tongue-out
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Of all the bodies I have, I will show you the one dressed in poetry. I have eyes like hands, with finger tips stretched out in fluorescent curiosity. My smile is a turbulent excessive one, that tells you, right underneath your nose, other possibilities for existence are being built.ⁱ

This— my fleshy rooted tongued speech.

I am flickeringⁱⁱ like water just before it steams, I am something that is always almost something else. I have learnt to be at home in the quivering tension of the in-between.ⁱⁱⁱ my gazes, gestures and bodies are privately in public.

I want to be considered as material, as immanent ethical aesthetic object, as contestable, but nameable and groundable; I want to be considered as thing.^{iv} To replace the distanced objectivity of tongueless speech, with an empathetic exchange.^v

This is my will, to feel something against the condition of living through representation.^{vi}

My appearance never just reveals:^{vii} when I open my lips, I do not open them simply.

They are never open nor closed, they can never separate simply. A single word can't be pronounced, produced by, or emitted from my mouth. From my lips several songs, several ways of saying echo each other. I am always several at the same time.

viii

I put myself into language— into the world and into history— by my tongues own movement.^{ix} My body, with its thousand and one thresholds of ardour, can articulate the profusion of meanings that run through me in every direction. I will make the old single-grooved tongue reverberate with more than one voice.^x If we would continue to speak without tongues, we will produce the same story. Begin the same stories all over again. Don't you feel it?^{xi}

Time and again, I too, have felt so full of luminous torrents that I could burst— burst with forms much more beautiful than those which are put up in frames and sold for a stinking fortune. ^{xii}

My desires have invented new desires, my body knows unheard of songs.^{xiii} My perception is not limited to isolated sensory sites, but it roams across all of my surfaces.^{xiv} Through touch I can sense the differential speeds to come.^{xv}

But my incompatibility has had some unanticipated consequences. My Stealthy gestures, body and mutterings have slipped out from a language, whose tongue is concealed, and inadvertently into the workings of a war machine.^{xvi} My tongue slides out and into your gaze, but there is no need for a wound to remind us that blood exists^{xvii} right here and now my body gives us a certainty. Truth is necessary only for those who are so distanced from their body that they have forgotten it.^{xviii}

I am not closed up around one single truth or essence. My language and body take place by embracing themselves.^{xix} I learned to speak with the awareness that language forms itself in relations of absolute reciprocity.^{xx}

My language exists as a paradise made of visible, audible, palpable and palatable words.^{xxi} They settle into us one by one, embed themselves, slowly imbibe our most obscure substances, fill our every nook and cranny, dilate, spread to our measure, beyond our measure, beyond all measure.

xxii

There is something monstrous, hybrid and vibrant in the air, dear friends, I feel it coming.^{xxiii}

FOOTNOTES

CHRONICLE 0.2

ⁱ The Young-Girl's smile is a turbulent excessive one, [...] The Strange-Girl may twist this grimace into a grin. [...] This grin tells capitalism that right underneath its nose, other possibilities for existence are being built. **Jennifer Boyd, A Theory for The Strange Girl: A Raw Red Text. p 02.**

ⁱⁱ This flickering cannot go on forever, something must be about to happen. **Jennifer Boyd, A Theory for The Strange Girl: A Raw Red Text. p 03.**

ⁱⁱⁱ We must learn to be at home in the quivering tension of the in-between. **Astrida Neimanis, Hydrofeminism: Or, On Becoming a Body of Water. p 108.**

^{iv} So here I want to ask how we can practice a criticality that is against 'objectivity' and critical distance—that masculinist rudder of truth, taste and sensibility—and yet for realism: a material post-critical position that moves towards some kind of ethicality or emancipation, to an undoing of alienation where immanent, material critique begins with or circulates through the points of the author? (...) And more than practice, as action: where the 'self' is considered as material, as immanent ethical aesthetic object, as contestable, but nameable and groundable position; as thing. **Linda Stupart, Re-materialising Feminism. p ci.**

^v To replace the distanced objectivity of critical distance with an empathetic exchange of ethical aesthetic objects. **Linda Stupart, Re-materialising Feminism. p cii.**

^{vi} This haptic snarl and narcotic nausea is the condition of The Strange-Girl's body—a will to feel something, against the condition of living through representation, a shock-tactic antidote [...]. **Jennifer Boyd, A Theory for The Strange Girl: A Raw Red Text. p 01.**

^{viii} Open your lips but do not open them simply. I do not open them simply. We—you/i—are never open nor closed. Because we never separate simply, a single word can't be pronounced, produced by, or emitted from our mouths. From your/my lips several songs, several ways of saying echo each other. You/I are always several at the same time. **Luce Irigaray, When Our Lips Speak Together. p 72.**

^{ix} Woman must put herself into the text—as into the world and into history—by her own movement. **Helen Cixous, The Laugh of the Medusa. p 876.**

^x A woman's body, with its thousand and one thresholds of ardour—once, by smashing yokes and censors, she lets it articulate the profusion of meanings that run through it in every direction—will make the old single-grooved mother tongue reverberate with more than one language. **Helen Cixous, The Laugh of the Medusa. p 885.**

^{xi} If we continue to speak the same language to each other, we will produce the same story. Begin the same stories all over again. Don't you feel it? **Luce Irigaray, When Our Lips Speak Together. p 69.**

^{xii} My desires have invented new desires, my body knows unheard of songs. **Helen Cixous, The Laugh of the Medusa. p 876.**

^{xiii} Time and again, I too, have felt so full of luminous torrents that I could burst—burst with forms much more beautiful than those which are put up in frames and sold for a stinking fortune. **Helen Cixous, The Laugh of the Medusa. p876**

^{xiv} Perception is not limited to isolated sensory sites but roams across affective surfaces **Suzanne Livingstone, Luciana Parisi, Anna Greenspan, Amphibious Maidens. p03**

^{xv} Through touch We sense Differential speeds
To come **Suzanne Livingstone, Luciana Parisi, Anna Greenspan, Amphibious Maidens. p04**

^{xvi} Womans incompatibility[...] has had unanticipated consequences. For her stealthy gestures, body and mutterings have slipped out from his language and inadvertently into the workings of a war machine." **Suzanne Livingstone, Luciana Parisi, Anna Greenspan, Amphibious Maidens. p01**

^{xvii} There is no need for a wound to remind us that blood exists. **Luce Irigaray, When Our Lips Speak Together. p70.**

^{xviii} Right here and now my body gives us a very different certainty. Truth is necessary for those who are so distanced from their body that they have forgotten it. **Luce Irigaray, When Our Lips Speak Together. p 76.**

^{xix} She does not set herself up as one. As a (single) female unit. She is not closed up or around one single truth or essence. The essence of a truth remains foreign to her. She neither has nor is a being [...]. The female sex takes place by embracing itself, by endlessly sharing and exchanging its lips, its edges, its borders and their 'content' as it ceaselessly becomes other, no stability of essence is proper to her. **Luce Irigaray, Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche: Veiled lips. p 86.**

^{xx} We all learnt to speak with the awareness that words can be exchanged, that language forms itself in a relation of absolute reciprocity. **Monique Wittig, The Site of Action p 93.**

^{xxi} Language exists as a paradise made of visible, audible, palpable, palatable words. **Monique Wittig, The site of Action. p 94.**

^{xxii} When they [words] settle into us one by one, embed themselves, slowly imbibe our most obscure substances, fill our every nook and cranny, dilate, spread to our measure, beyond our measure, beyond all measure. **Nathalie Sarraute, L'Usage de la parole. p 148.**

^{xxiii} There is something monstrous, hybrid and vibrant in the air; dear readers, I feel new ideas coming out way. We just do not know yet what this corpus can do. **Rosi Braidotti, Preface: The society of the Undutiful Daughters. p xviii.**